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THE SLOUCHED HAT.

In the year 16—, there appeared in the goodly town of Boston one Monsieur Le Cain, who from the account he gave of himself, came to sojourn among them for the purpose of instructing the sober and staid citizens, in the "noble science of defence." He took lodgings in King street, at the sign of the Cat and Parrot, from whence he issued his cards; giving notice, that at all hours of the day, he held himself in readiness at his room, to give lessons in the noble exercise of the broad-sword. At the bottom of his bills were suspended the following: "N. B. Any gentleman who is so good as to join in the amusement, and escapes without three cuts and parry to one attempt, will be entitled to twelve lessons gratis." This boast drew forth at once the pride and feeling of all the young blades in town who had ever "don'd glove" or handled foil; and many in consequence were the encounters with dapper, Frenchman. It was all in vain: the activity and skill of Monsieur carried him thro' all triumphant. This success tickled his pride; and to gratify his vanity, or more to extend his celebrity and increase the number of his pupils, he caused a stage to be erected on the common, upon which he daily appeared, armed "cap-a-pie," giving challenge, that he was ready then and there to contend with naked, blades against all comers. This was a cooler —to engage in a "friendly passage," with buttoned foils, where nothing was exposed but their vanity was what had been and could be endured by the young gladiators of the town; but to face this gunpowder captain of the Louises in mortal combat, was not for a moment to be thought of. No one ever dreamt of attempting it. Thus Monsieur La Captain had his stage entirely to himself, upon which he continued daily to renew his challenge, give point and cut direct upon the empty air.

It was at one of those daily exhibitions, when an unusual large number were looking on to witness his dexterity in cutting and flourishing, and listening to the oft-repeated challenge, that a man stepped out from the crowd, and very coolly walking forward, drew his glove from his hand and cut it upon the platform, in token of his acceptance of the challenge. He was completely enveloped in a large dark colored cloak of coarse material, which, in the act of drawing his glove, fell open, and disclosed to the view of the astonished bystanders, a pondrous broad sword buckled to his thigh, that, judging from its size, would be useless in any but the hands of "Wille Wallace" or a "Douglas of the bloody heart." This together with a slouched hat, constituted the whole of hhis visible costume.—He appeared rather above the common size, with a form that denoted great strength and activity.

The Frenchman at first appeared utterly confounded at this unlooked for occurrence; but recovering himself in a moment, he, with the politeness and urbanity of his nation, invited his daring opponent to ascend the stage. The bystanders, when they had recovered from their surprise at the challenge of Le Cain being accepted, were very eager to ascertain who this fearless being was. "Who is he?" and "What is he!" were questions reiterated from one to another; but what he was, or who he was, no one knew and none could tell. No one had observed him until he had separated from the crowd to accept the challenge. As for Le Cain, when he found himself driven to the issue upon his own terms, with a crowd of witness, among whom were a number of his pupils, and all of whom had heard his repeated boastings, he was determined that this unknown, who in his opinion was hoping to disgrace him, should pay dear for his temerity. With these thoughts in his mind, he addressed the stranger: "You shall play a bloody game for this, sir broad-brim." "I am here," replied the unknown, in a clear and calm voice, "to punish a vain boast; let the result be as God wills." "Well spoken," said Le Cain, his face reddening with passion at the stranger's coolness, "but are you aware that your opponent is the best swordsman in the country?" This information did not produce the effect upon the slouched hat, that Le Cain evidently intended it should. In the same provoking and even voice he replied, "Your language, my cock-sparrow, well becomes your profession; but young man," (and his voice assumed a tone of sarcasm) "you had better cease your boasting, and save your strength, for I assure you that you will need it all to steady your eye, and guard your points." The sword of the fiery Frenchmen was unsheathed in a moment—the stranger coolly followed his example. "This insolence is not to be borne," said Le Cain, placing himself in posture of attack, "defend yourself," and he commenced a furious attack upon the stranger. The one was all fire and impetuosity—the other cool and collected. The Frenchman evidently had the advantage in activity, while the strength and self possession of the other appeared to render him full his equal. Le Cain, who had depended upon his superior skill, finding himself repeatedly foiled, became more enraged as the contest continued. His face was as red as scarlet, and his whole countenance betrayed the height of passion, which strongly contrasted with the calm and collected countenance of the stranger, This self-possession was noticed by Le Cain, and tended to increase his rage; he shifted, his ground, and attempted to bring the face of his antagonist to the sun: his opponent turned to receive him as steadily as if he moved upon a pivot, continuing to act only on the defensive.—The attempt of Le Cain to blind the stranger by the sun appeared to have succeeded for he had no sooner turned him in that position, than the sword of the unknown missed a parry, and he received a deep wound in the sword arm. He still maintained his ground and self possession, but the cool and calm countenance had disappeared; his face was flushed; every muscle of his powerful frame appeared to be brought into action; he shifted his ground with the speed of lightning, and his blows were dealt with a speed and force that showed the determination to bring the contest to a close. This change in affairs in an instant altered the opinion that Le Cain had entertained of the skill of his antagonist. He abandoned at once his assault, and relied solely on his defence. The stranger pressed upon him, his face assuming a darker hue the muscles of his mouth contracting with every blow he dealt, showing his teeth as firmly set as a vice, until at a sweeping blow he dashed the sword of Le Cain from his hand, which left him completely at his mercy. "Yield," shouted the stranger, "or die the death of a foolish boaster." Le Cain, with quivering lip and countenance ashy pale, replied, "I yield, I surrender all pretensions to the science of defence; but may I know to whom I yield!" "That," replied the stranger, "is not for you to know: to you, and to these good people present, I am a messenger sent to punish presumption." He then drew his cloak over him, and pulling his hat down upon his eyes, leaped from the platform, and immediately disappeared in the streets of our town. Who this individual was, who was afterwards designated the *Slouched Hat*, was not known until years afterwards, when it was ascertained (from what source it was not known) that it was *Goffe, the regicide*, who, as it is well known concealed for a number of years in this country from the vengeance of Charles II., the son of the murdered king.

Deadham Advertiser.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUTCHESS D'ABRANTES.

THE WIDOW.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH.

At the battle of Wagram, Napoleon sent an order to one of the Marshals, by his favourite equerry and aid-de-camp, Gen. Durosnel, and suddenly uttered a cry as he watched him with his telescope through the field. He had seen Durosnel struck by a bullet and rolling in the dust.

His death was a cause of mourning; he was yet young, and by his intelligent gallantry had acquired the love and esteem of his comrades, as well as of the Emperor, who eulogized him in the bulletin.

But there was one being whose heart was struck by this fatal bullet; the young and loving widow, whose visions of paradise were changed in a moment to grief and despair.

Durosnel, as upright as brave, had nothing to leave her; her expectations of provision rested on the Emperor; but, at all events, she could no longer reside in Paris. Her father, therefore, came from the country to fetch her, and preparations were making for their departure, when about ten days after the news reached Paris, the Empress Josephine received a letter from the Emperor, in which he said:

"Durosnel is not killed—he is not even wounded; the bullet struck only his horse: *let his wife know this.*"

The commission was not easy of execution. So injured is the poor human heart to every variety of suffering, that grief in any form can surprise it; but joy—a joy that snatches us at once from despair to bliss—oh! that must not be too rudely administered.

The Empress, knowing the effect her news must have on Madame Durosnel, was in great perplexity, and meditated going herself to her, when Lavalette and his wife arrived at breakfast with her majesty.

'Ah! Heaven has sent you to my aid,' she exclaimed.

Then explaining the whole affair, she imposed the task on Lavalette, and adding the caution of—

'Take care what you are about, for you may *'kill her,'* she pushed him by the shoulders, and sent him to Madame Durosnel. The good-natured Lavalette gladly undertook to carry peace to an afflicted bosom; but just as he reached the door, he began to be staggered by the amount of happiness his tidings imported and to comprehend the delicacy of his mission.

'Diable!' thought the ambassador, as he ascended the stairs, 'I almost repent my hasty compliance.'

It was barely eleven o'clock; an ill-assorted hour for a visit, as the father would probably have hinted, but the Empress' name silenced all objections, and he was immediately introduced into Madame Durosnel's boudoir; where she was seated on a sofa, silent and sorrowful, dressed in weeds and weepers, and all the mournful paraphernalia of early widowhood. As he gazed on her pale and altered countenance and on the languid eye, raised to meet his, he thought:

'The Empress is right—I shall certainly kill her.'

He sat down beside her, but after the first salutation had not a word to offer; while Madame Durosnel, supposing he came to announce some favor from the Emperor, properly waited till he should open the conference. Finding him, however, obstinately silent, she at length began with a trembling voice:

'Her Majesty is doubly gracious in condescending—'

Lavalette started as if suddenly aroused from a dream.

'Madame,' said he, 'are you beginning to feel consolation?'

"Ah, Sir!' was all the wretched mourner could reply, and her face was instantly bathed in tears.

'Deuce take it!' he inwardly ejaculated, 'if she reverts to her despair, what can I do?'

And he began turning over every expedient that put her upon the scent; none appeared more likely than enquiring whether she believed in ghosts.

'Alas, no Sir; would that I could both believe and see them;' and her tears flowed afresh.

In proportion as her grief interested him, the perplexity of her comforter increased; but as something must be done, he at last devised a tale of a woman buried in a trance, and recalled from the tomb by a grave digger, opening it with a design to plunder. The story he related, with all the accompaniments of romance, and dwelling with especial euphasis on the ineffable joy of the heroine's family on recovering their beloved from the jaws of death——

'Alas!' ejaculated Madame Durosnel in a voice interrupted by sobs, 'they were very happy.'

And she buried her head in the cushions, both to weep at liberty, and to avoid the sight of a man who seemed to be making a jest of her affliction.

Lavalette began to think his task hopeless, but resolving on a new attempt, he assumed an air of cheerfulness, that contrasted strangely with his anxiety. Putting on his best smiles, he asked Madame Durosnel whether she had breakfasted.

'Ah! Mon Dieu!' she exclaimed, beginning to suspect the Empress Josephine's nephew was somewhat crazed.

Lavalette grew impatient and repeated the inquiry.

'I do not know, sir,' she answered, 'whether you are aware that your discourse is very extraordinary. I beg permission to retire.'

'And how is it, Madame,' retorted Lavalette, 'that you cannot discover the real object of my mission?'

His expressive countenance conveyed all the rapture his news imported, and Madame Durosnel as she surveyed it, fell back on the sofa, exclaiming—

'Ah! what can have happened!'

'Why nothing at all! has happened. Do you now understand me, Madame? will you divest yourself of those villainous weeds?—Your husband is not dead!'

And having uttered the decisive words, he sunk down exhausted with the effort. Meanwhile, an alarming shriek from the overjoyed wife brought her father to her aid, and Lavalette hastened to escape. The blunt manner, in which, after all his reflections, he had communicated such joyful tidings had nearly overset Madame Durosnel's reason.

FROM THE WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Content and Discontent.

Soured and disappointed, I went home from the school—I had been outdone by another; the honor the distinction was his; and I was pointed at as the unsuccessful candidate for the first part. The evening before, I had been crossed in my plans for distinction at the class supper, and now when I remembered that I was poor, unloved and worst of all, unknown, my heart became bitter as wormwood. I had no earthly good, and what was worse, could obtain none: I had neither friends, nor fortune, nor talents, and without those things, happiness was—what sight is to the blind—a thing impossible. It was a fair morning; cool for August; and the leaves murmured sweetly in the west wind. But to me all was black, and cold, and dismal: and with the careless cruelty of one that despises himself, I struck down every flower that I past, and destroyed every ant-hill. When I reached home, I found a little girl sitting upon the grass plat just before the door, busily employed with a straw, in freeing a poor fly from the web of his adversary. Her chip hat had fallen back; her cotton scarf lay upon the basket, upon the handle of which leaned her left arm, and though I saw only her profile—the jet black hair about her shoulders, the dark skin, and the style of her dress made me at once suspect that she was one of the Spanish family which I knew had come to live near us. While I yet thought, my aunt appeared at the door, but the little girl did not observe her; 'what did you want my little maid?' said the good lady, but the little maid was too busy with her fly to hear her. She spoke again; the little girl sprang to her feet, crushing, as she rose, the insect she had been so anxious to liberate, and throwing back the hair from about her eyes, courtsied, and said she had eggs to sell. 'And who are you, my child?' said my aunt, presuming upon her yankee privilege; 'I am from a far, far away,' said the little market woman in broken English, 'from across the great water.' 'You may give me a dozen of your eggs,' said my aunt, 'and tell me from what country did you come?' Oh! there is many fruit there,' said the maiden, as she unpacked her basket, 'and flowers all the year round; but here, they say, the leaves and the little flowers will die, and we shall be cold; would you tell me what cold is?' and she looked up at my aunt; 'yes presently,' said the old lady—'you may give me *two* dozen my girl; but say, are you poor? have you many friends?' 'We are poor,' said the girl, 'very poor; my mother is old and sick, and I am but young and weak, she says—but then we have many friends; I do not see them; they are in the blue sky, away above the stars: sometimes I think I hear them, but it is only thought; and there is one that is very kind; he makes the cherries and the apples grow in the orchard—we call him God when we talk to him every morning and night.' 'Stop,' said my aunt, 'you may bring in your basket, I will take them all.' The little girl looked up; a tear stood in her eye, and her lips moved, but she did not thank my aunt; nay I err—she *did* thank her—that tear was worth a wilderness of words.

That evening I walked down with my aunt to visit our new neighbors. The place was small, and the house a mere cabin. The garden was a little cultivated, and by the porch were half a dozen rough boxes with flowers in them; in one was an orange. Our little friend of the morning was sitting upon the door-step, pouring over some treasured volume. But when she heard us, she sprang forward, and taking my aunt's hand led us to the house. As I past the threshold, I looked into the open book, but it was Spanish, and defied my scrutiny. The mother sat in her arm chair by the window, pale and emaciated. Every thing in the room proved the poverty of the inhabitants. Their table was unpainted pine; and the pile of china upon it was of the most ordinary description. In the face of the woman herself one might read suffering beyond woman's ordinary lot, but it was noble, and once must have been beautiful. Her dress was ordinary, but in her hair, which was black as that of her child, I saw a half hidden jewel of great beauty. Here thought I, must be misery indeed; poverty, obscurity, disease, and loneliness—have here all conspired to bring in despair. But in the tones of her voice, in the glances of her eye, there was no complaint, no discontent. She thanked us; she spoke of herself with hope, of her child with commendation, and of her Maker with thankfulness. I can give but the merest sketch of her conversation, for we remained through the evening. She had been the wife of a Spanish officer, at one time the mistress of wealth and rank; and mother to two children beside the one that sat with clasped hands, gazing up into our faces. But her mother, who had been an English woman, had taught her to look to the state of her *inward*, not her *outward* circumstances for enjoyment; and wealth and rank could not dazzle her. At length came the revolution of 1823, her husband was a patriot and a soldier, and he died upon the field of battle. Their house was taken, and her two children put to death before her eyes, because their watch-cry was their father's, and their innocent lips loved better to pronounce 'viva la libertad,' than 'viva el rey.' Her husband's estates were of course confiscated; upon the few means she saved from the wreck, she had lived for some time not far from Barcelonia, but at last determined, for her child's sake to leave a land of tyranny for a land of freedom. 'And can you be contented?' said I, almost involuntarily. The poor woman smiled and said, 'will you not think me proud, sir, if I say I am not *contented* merely, but *happy?* I do not despise wealth and rank; I do not say I would rather be what I *am*, than what I *was;* but though I might be *happier*, I am still happy. The wealth of the world is given us to enable us to gain a wealth that is out of the world. I, in my day, had my share, and I was enabled to lay up store that no thief can steal, nor moth nor rust corrupt. Happiness is neither of the body nor the intellect, but of the heart; I am racked with pain, and my child is ignorant, yet we are both happy. We might both be happier, and we shall be. Death will soon bear *me* to a world where greater means of improvement, and of doing good, and consequently of happiness, will be given me: and for my child—futurity is as dark to me as to any, but I know that in the future as in the past, God will temper the wind to the shorn lamb.'

I went home, if not more learned, far wiser than I was in the morning. A new view was opened to me. I looked upon wealth and distinction, no longer as the *only* steps between me and happiness, but as the lowest of a long flight. I studied human nature not to influence others, but myself. I attended less to my head and more to my heart, and became necessarily

A CONTENTED MAN.

Sheridan.

Taylor, of the Opera House, used to say of Sheridan, that he could not pull off his hat to him in the street without it costing him fifty pounds, and if he stopped to speak to him, it was a hundred. No one could be a stronger instance than he was of what is called "living from hand to mouth." He was always in want of money, though he received large sums which he must have disbursed; and yet no one could tell what became of them, for he paid nobody. He spent his wife's fortune (sixteen hundred pounds) in a six weeks jaunt to Bath, and returned to town as poor as a rat. Whenever he and his son were invited out into the country, they always went in a post chaise and four; he in one, and his son following in another. This is the secret of those who live in a round of extravagance, and are at the same time always in debt and difficulty. They throw away all the ready money they can get, upon some new fangled whim or project that comes in their way, and never think of paying off old scores, which of course accumulate to a dreadful amount. "Such gain the cap of him who makes them fine, yet keeps his book uncrossed." Sheridan once wanted to take Mrs. Sheridan a very handsome dress down into the country, and went to Barber and Nunn's to order it, saying he must have it by such a day, but promising they should have the ready money. Mrs. Barber (I think it was) made answer that time was short, but that the ready money was a charming thing, and that he should have it.—Accordingly, at the time appointed, she brought the dress, which came to five and twenty pounds and it was sent to Mr. Sheridan, who sent out Mr. Grimm, (one of his jackalls) to say that he admired it exceedingly, and that he was sure Mrs. Sheridan would be delighted with it, but he was sorry to have nothing under a hundred pound bank note in the house. She said she had come provided for such an accident, and could give change for a hundred, two hundred, or five hundred bank note if it was necessary. Grimm then went back to his principal for further instructions, who made an excuse that he had no stamped receipt by him. For this Mrs. B. said she was also provided; she had brought one in her pocket. At each message she could hear them laugh heartily in the next room, at the idea of having met with their match for once; and presently after Sheridan came out in high good humour, and paid her the amount of her bill in ten, five, and one pound notes.

Once when a creditor brought him a bill for payment, which had often been presented before, and the man complained of its soiled and tattered state, and said he was quite ashamed to see it, "I tell you what I should advise you to do with it my friend," said Sheridan, "take it home and write it upon parchment."

He once mounted a horse, which a horse dealer was showing off near a coffee house at the foot of St. James' street, rode it to Tattersall's, and sold it, and walked quietly back to the spot from which he set out. The owner was furious, swore he would be the death of him; and, in a quarter of an hour afterwards, they were seen sitting together over a bottle of wine in the coffee house, the horse jockey with tears running down his cheeks at Sheridan's jokes, and almost ready to hug him as an honest fellow.

Sheridan's house and lobby were beset with duns every morning, who were told that Mr. Sheridan was not yet up, and shown into the several rooms on each side of the entry. As soon as he had breakfasted, he asked, "Are the doors all shut John?" being assured they were, he marched out very deliberately between them, to the astonishment of his self-invited guests, who soon found the bird was flown.

I have heard one of his old city friends declare; that such was the effect of his frank, cordial manner, and insinuating eloquence, that he was always afraid to ask him for a debt of long standing, lest he should borrow twice as much.

Newspapers in the United States.

From the best information, we can obtain, the number of daily newspapers now issued in the United States, amount to 59, two thirds of which are supposed to yield a fair profit. The number of weekly papers, of all kinds exceeds 1300; with a population of 15,000,000 the United States have more newspapers than the whole 190 millions of Europe. From this great number, results the fact, that the subscription to each is limited, and one paper is not able to unite the talents of many able writers, as is the case in England, but more particularly in France. Employed upon a London daily paper, are an editor, a sub-editor, from ten to fourteen reporters, besides penny-a-line writers, furnishing intelligence from every part of London, the police Offices, &c. The experiment of combining varied talents on one good newspaper would probably produce a larger profit than any unattempted scheme in the Union.

FROM THE NEW HAVEN EXAMINER.

EDUCATION.

"The American parent does an injustice to his child which he can never repair, for which no inheritance can compensate, who refuses to give him a full education because he is not intended for a learned profession. Whatever he may intend, for a learned profession. Whatever he may intend, he cannot know to what his son will come, and if there should be no change in this respect, with a liberal education be lost upon him because he is not a lawyer, a doctor, or a divine! Nothing can be more untrue or pernicious than this opinion. It is impossible to imagine a citizen of this commonwealth to be in any situation in which the discipline and achievements of a liberal education, however various and extended, will not have their value. They will give him consideration and usefulness, which will be seen and felt in his daily intercourse of business or pleasure; they will give him weight and worth as a member of society, and be a never failing source of honorable, virtuous, and lasting enjoyment under all circumstances, and in every station of life. They will preserve him from the delusion of dangerous errors, and the seduction of degrading and destructive vices. The gambling table will not be resorted to, to hasten the slow and listless step of time, when the library offers a surer and more attractive source. The bottle will not be applied to stir the languid spirit to action and delight when the magic of the poet is at hand to rouse the imagination and pour its fascinating wonders on the soul. Such gifts, such acquirements, will make their possession a true friend, a more cherished companion, a more interesting, beloved, and loving husband, a more valuable and respectable parent."

FROM JEFFERSON'S MEMOIRS.

Character of Washington.

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly; and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration was strong, though not acute as that of Newton, Bacon or Locke, and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow operation, being little aided by invention, or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from the councils of war, where hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no General ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action—if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a readjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal danger with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence; never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed, refraining if he saw a doubt, but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke his bounds, he was most tremendous, in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable but exact; liberal in contribution to whatever promised utility—but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in his affections but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish, his deportment easy, erect and noble—the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback.

Although, in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas, nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing and

common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly; reading little, and that in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his time within doors. On the whole, his character was, in the mass, perfect—in nothing bad, in few points, indifferent: and it may be truly said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man, an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence—of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

A German Apologue.

We have seldom seen the folly, the infatuation, the madness of *Gaming*, more correctly and forcibly depicted than in the following article, which is a translation from the French, of a German Apologue, by the celebrated Richtenwehr.

A French gentleman after having been abroad in foreign countries for many years returned to his native land. His friends immediately flocked around, impatient to listen to his wonderful adventures, and hair-breadth escapes. After much urgent solicitation he commenced in this manner:

Gentlemen, you are aware that it is a great distance to the country of the Hurons, in America.—Well: at the distance of twelve hundred leagues beyond the wilds inhabited by this warlike tribe, I met with a people, whose habits are indeed singular. They will sit for hours around a table, on which is placed neither tablecloth nor viands. The thunder may burst over their heads, armies may combat within musket shot, earthquakes may menace them with destruction—still they will remain unmoved—paying no more attention to the horrors around them, than if they were deaf and dumb. At these times they are unsociable, uttering only occasionally, some half-articulated words, which nevertheless appear to be of horrid import.

I have frequently gazed upon them with wonder, for they are almost always surrounded by spectators, attracted apparently by curiosity—and believe me, my friends, I shall never forget the varied and strongly marked physiognomies which I saw on these occasions. Hope, Rage, Despair, and sometimes a malignant joy mingled with disquietude, were painted on their visages by turns. Sometimes they seemed as wild as infuriated maniacs—sometimes as grave and solemn as Pluto and Rhadamanthus—and sometimes their features exhibited the horrid grimaces and contortions of criminals on the rack."

"But," exclaimed the half incredulous friends of the traveller, "who were these miserable wretches?" Did they thus devote themselves for the public good?" "Oh no." "Perhaps they were seeking the Philosopher's Stone." "Not at all." Or the Quadrature of the circle." "Not exactly."—"Ah! I understand, they were doing penance for their sins." "You are still wide of the mark." "Why, you have been telling us all this time of real maniacs, men who neither heard, felt, nor spoke.—Do tell us what they were about." "*They were Gamblers!*"

Peculiarities of Authors.

The habits and peculiarities of authors in almost every branch of Literature have, in many instances, been sufficiently ridiculous.—Rousseau, for instance, could write only when dressed in the highest style of refinement, and with crow pens, on tinted or gilt paper. Dr. Samuel Johnson was almost the only author of the last century who could write at any time and under any circumstances. In recent times, and in the present day, we find the greater proportion of authors free of the peculiarities which were fashionable among their predecessors; occupying half their time with some ordinary pursuit, and taking up the pen in most cases in the intervals of business. The chief composers of music were in general still more affected and impassioned in their feelings than the authors of the last century, and were apparently unable to compose, unless under great excitement. It is seen from a recent article in the *Harmonicon*, that Gluck, in order to warm his imagination, and transport himself in idea to Aulis, or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with a piano before him, and a bottle of champagne by his side, he wrote his two Iphigenias, his Orpheus, and other works. Sarti, on the contrary, required a spacious dark room, dimly illuminated by a lamp suspended from the ceiling; and it was only in the most silent hours of night that he could summon musical ideas. Cimarosa, it seems, was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he composed. Frequently, in the course of a single night, he wrote the subjects of eight or ten charming airs, which he afterwards finished in the midst of his friends. Cherubini was also in the habit of composing when surrounded with company. If his ideas did not flow very freely, he would borrow a pack of playing cards from any party engaged with them, and fill up the *pips* with faces caricatured, and all kinds of humorous devices, for he was as ready with his pencil as his pen, though certainly not equally great with both. Sacchini could not write a passage except his wife was at his side, and unless his cats, whose playfulness he admired, were gamboling about him. Paisiello composed in bed; and it was there that he planned *Il Barbiere de Seviglia, La Molinara* and other *chef-d'œuvres* of ease and gracefulness. Zingarelli would dictate his music after reading a passage in one of the fathers of the church, or in some Latin classic. Haydn, who was lofty in his conceptions required a peculiar, but a harmless species of excitement. Solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring sent him by Frederick II., and which, he said, was necessary to inspire his imagination, he sat down to his piano, and in a few moments soared among the choirs. Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt, the seat of Prince Esterhazy; he lived wholly for his art, exempt from worldly cares, and often said that he always enjoyed himself most when he was at work.

The Niger Expedition.

[London Literary Gazette.]—...er was at Atta on the 21st of ...ejoice to say, in vigorous health. ...g preparations to ascend the river in the Alburka, accompanied by Lieutenant Allen and a medical man. His voyage from the coast in a canoe (as mentioned in our preceding notice of the expedition) occupied him thirty-two days. In a letter to his brother, of the date stated, with a delightful extract from which we are favored, he says:

You know that when we were here together, Abucco, chief of Damuggoo, had been at variance for several years with his brother, the ruler of Atta. On arriving at the former place from the coast, I was sorry to find the brothers, with their respective subjects, still engaged in that petty but obstinate and ferocious warfare which had distinguished the quarrel at the commencement. Determined, if possible, to effect a reconciliation between them, I prevailed upon my old friend Abucco to accompany me to Atta, promising to introduce him to his brother, and pledging my life for his safety. The meeting took place on the 22d Nov. and a highly interesting one it was, I assure you.—Our party, preceded by Jowdie and a few drummers, were introduced into a large square inclosure. The chief, seated on a kind of throne, was surrounded by all his mallams, and a multitude of his attendants. His wives were seated under a veranda, from which were suspended several handsome Turkey carpets, which served them for a screen. Abucco instinctively drew back as he approached the throne, but taking him by the hand I led, or rather pulled him towards his brother.

At this moment his confidence seemed to have forsaken him entirely; his head hung down on his breast, and I could feel him tremble violently. Whilst I was displaying my presents to the chief of Atta, I perceived him several times bestow a hasty and displeased look on his brother, who had disengaged himself from my hand, and was sitting on the ground.—Though seven years had elapsed since their last meeting, neither of the rulers uttered a word. The curiosity of the chief of Atta having in some measure been gratified, I immediately introduced his brother to his notice, by paying him a high compliment, which Abucco had certainly deserved. I then expressed the regret I felt on witnessing the bad effects of the misunderstanding which had existed between them for so many years; insisted on the necessity of brothers living together in harmony; and said, I was determined not to quit the spot until I had established a perfect reconciliation between them. The chief was extremely disconcerted, but he made no reply. I then desired Abucco to rise, and leading him to his brother, I took the right hand of each, and pressing both hands together, made them shake heartily, observing, "You are now friends, and may God keep you so." The brothers were deeply affected, and neither of them could utter a syllable for several seconds afterwards.—Every countenance beamed with delight at the happy termination of the interview, and the multitude gave vent to their feelings in a loud, long, and general shout. For my part, I need not say, I cannot tell the heartfelt gratification I felt at the moment.

But this is not the most important good that I have been the humble means of effecting at this place. From time immemorial it has been a custom with the rulers of Atta to sacrifice human beings on rejoicing days, and on all public occasions. At the interview which I have just described to you, two poor creatures were brought before us to be slain, in order that their blood might be sprinkled about the yard. I shuddered at the proposal, and begged with earnestness that nothing of the kind might be done. I assured the chief he would one day have to give an account to God of every life he might wantonly destroy; and also made him sensible that though after death his body would moulder into dust, his soul would live forever, and that it would be happy or miserable in proportion to the good or bad actions he had performed, or might yet perform in this world. The chief was evidently much affected at my words, and desired his followers to unbind the intended victims, and remove them from the yard. He then made a solemn promise to put an end to the custom of sacrifice of human beings. As soon as this declaration was made known to the mallams, and the crowd of attendants in the yard, they all held up their hands in token of approbation, and shouted for joy. It is now seven or eight months since this promise was made, and I am happy to say it has been religiously kept.

SAMMY ROGERS' LAST.—Crossing the river Thames in a wherry, in a gust of wind, and in danger of drowning, Sammy told the boatman he had no idea of applying for a commission in the *Coldstream* Guards, nor of being gazetted under the *marine* head.

GOOD.—We heard yesterday of a couple of singular marriages which took place not long since in Camden. A gentleman not arrived at his grand climacterick, but old enough to have a son grown up to man's estate, fell in love with a beautiful young girl of 17, to whom he told a soft and tender tale, which moved her to become his bride. His son resented at first an action so incongruous, and made the nuptial tie a jest among his companions. Shortly afterwards, however, he learnt the fact that his step-mother was the only daughter of a handsome rich widow, when he immediately paid them a visit. Strange to tell, he was captivated with his mother-in-law's mother, (a pretty looking woman of twenty-two.) She consented to the match, and they were married a week afterwards.—*N. Y. Sun.*

How to get Rich.

Never be in bed at six in the morning, or out of it at ten at night. The early riser is always in time with his business, while the sluggard runs after it all the day, and never can overtake it.

Mind your own business; if you have not enough endeavor to get more, and do not intermeddle with that of other people.

Out of every dollar you get, save one half if you can, certainly one-third.

If you hope for independence, keep out of debt. The honor, reputation, and the liberty, of the debtor lie at the mercy of his creditor.

Be just before you are generous; never waste, nor go in debt to make entertainments. 'Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.'

Plenty is but a degree of short profusion.—Decent frugality is the best method to attain the confidence of wise men.

Credit is often a dangerous temptation, and the means of destroying itself. Like health, it is only to be preserved by prudence and moderation.

Gluttony is the grave of gain. He that gutties in a few hours the income of a week, must always be poor, and ultimately a beggar.

THE WHALE FISHERY.

CAPT. ROSS.—The Liverpool Times says—"We have become aware of some facts which show the immediate and practical utility of the recent Arctic voyages in a very strong light. There is every reason to believe that, if they had not been undertaken, the whale fishery, which employs a capital of upwards of a million, which is one of the best nurseries in the world of seamen, and on which Hull, Peterhead, Frazerburgh, and several other towns of the kingdom mainly depend, would have been lost to the country. For many years a great change has been taking place in the habits of those stupendous creatures, which draw the enterprise of the merchants and the mariners of England and Scotland into the Arctic seas. When the fishery commenced, they were so tame that they were found floating in all the gulfs and bays of Spitsbergen, fearless of harm, and were taken by hundreds, and without an effort. In a few years, however, this dreadful destruction drove them to the more remote bays, from whence they were soon driven into the open sea, far away from land. But the trackless ocean afforded them no shelter from their enemies; they were pursued, and that with so much resolution, that the Dutch are calculated to have destroyed upwards of 50,000 in no very long course of years. Retiring before their ruthless pursuers, they next took refuge along the line of perpetual ice, which was their habitation when Scoresby wrote his his celebrated work. Here as many as 1400 of them were killed in one year. At last, worn out by perpetual persecution, they have plunged into the regions of eternal ice where the boldest whaler dare not pursue them. The consequence is, that the Greenland fishery, which was formerly carried on in the sea between Greenland and Spitzbergen, is nearly abandoned, and the whole trade would soon have been at an end if Ross had not penetrated in his first voyage through the mass of ice which renders the entrance to Baffin's Bay so hazardous, and opened to the whalers vast seas never before fished, and which the monsters of the deep are found to frequent in great numbers. The most northern parts of Baffin's Bay, together with Lancaster Sound, Regent's Inlet, &c. are now the great fishing stations, and all these regions have been discovered, or at least laid down with accuracy, by the recent navigators, who opened the route to the less adventrous traders—showed them that the seas abounded with whales—broke the icy barrier which had never been passed since the days of Baffin, and described the coasts and harbors so correctly as to deprive the voyage of the greater part of its perils. The mere pecuniary expense of the voyages of discovery has therefore already been repaid many times, independent of the extention of geographical knowledge and the improvement of science.

BEES.—We published in the Repository of August last, from the Gennessee Farmer, a method of preserving bees over winter by burying them in the ground. A few days since, Mr. JACOB GROVE, a respectable farmer of this neighborhood, called and informed us that he had tried the experiment with the most gratifying success. That last fall he buried a hive which had not, as he supposed, honey enough to keep the bees over winter, beyond the reach of the frost, and on taking it up a few days before we saw him, found the bees in excellent condition, with apparently as much honey as when he buried them. Mr. G. regretted he had not preserved in the same way several other hives from which he had got in the fall only a few quarts of honey. There is no doubt of the utility of this mode of preserving bees over winter; but we should suppose, that from the first in the middle of April would be quite early enough to disinter them.

Franklin Repository.

ROYAL SALUTATION.

The London Chronicle states, the King embraced Lord Grey on his arrival at the Pavillion, after indisposition and paid a similar compliment to Lord Brougham. The Standard ridicules the idea of the bluff old sailor King, bent double with age, scarcely five feet four, attempting to embrace the tall thin forms of these ministers, and thinks, the King rather addressed them in the following style:—

'My Lords, I'm glad to see you both.—Grey you look as well and as hearty as ever you did. The country air agrees with you as well as the sea-breeze does with me. Those damned lying papers talk of your retiring, because you're knocked up; but I dare say you can stand the badgering of another season better than half the lazy lubberly Lords in the House—eh! my Lord, what say you? As for Brougham, he's as tough as a cable. How did you leave your mother, my Lord? You're harder worked than Grey; but whenever you come, you've always a joke ready for me. No jokes in your Court Brougham!—damned dull place that. Come sit down and let's to business.

The first bag of cotton imported into Liverpool, was brought in January, 1775, from the United States of America, by the Diana, was chartered by Messrs. John and and Wm. Teasdale, Old Churchyard.

The republic of Bolivia has declared La Mar, a free port.

The subscriptions at the city of Panama for the construction of a rail road between that city and Porto Bello, on the Atlantic, are very large, and application has been made to the Government of Columbia, for aid in the undertaking.

FIRE!

A fire broke out yesterday morning, about 4 o'clock, in the Wine and Liquor Store of Mr. Alexander Bailie, corner of Market and Third sts., which soon communicated to the Iron warehouse of Messrs. Lothrop & Co.—When first discovered, the flames were bursting out of the doors and windows on the first and second stories, and the height to which the conflagration had already attained before any alarm was given, rendered it impossible for the usual energy and promptness of our firemen to save the property—indeed it was only by unparralled exertions that the whole square was preserved, and it was a master piece of work to have confined the ravages of the flames to the building in which it was first discovered.

The destruction of property was considerable. Mr. Bailie loses almost the whole of his entire stock, valued at from 15 to $18,000, 5000 only of which was covered by insurance, besides all of his books and papers. The loss of Messrs. Lothrop & Co. was inconsiderable, probably not more than $500. Unfortunately, the policy of insurance upon the houses had expired but a week or two previously and has not been renewed. All the circumstances clearly prove that the fire was caused by some incendiary.

Pittsburgh Advertiser of March 17.

BOW STREET.

The disputed possession of a Dog decided by the Dog himself.—Yesterday, James Griffiths, a laboring man, was charged before Mr. Minshull, with stealing a fine Newfoundland dog, the property of Mr. Jemmett, a builder, residing in Tottenham-court-road.

Mr. Jemmett, stated that the dog, which he had named "Lord John Russell," in honor of the distinguished promoter of the reform bill, was stolen from him on the 4th of October last, and he never saw the animal since, until that morning, when he met the prisoner leading him along with a chain round his neck. He immediately claimed this dog as his property, which the prisoner denied, and said he belonged to his master, Mr. Elsom, a builder, who had the animal in his possession for the last twelve months. On his refusing to deliver up the dog, witness called a police constable and gave the prisoner into custody.

The prisoner again maintained that the dog belonged to Mr. Elsom, and Mr. Minshull, with a view to put the ownership to the test of the animal's affection for his alleged former master, directed the prisoner to loosen the chain, to which he was attached, and the order was no sooner complied with than the dog answering to the name of "Russell," sprang forward to where Mr. Jemmett stood and jumped upon him with such apparent delight, wagging his huge tail, and exhibiting so many symptoms of joy at the meeting, that it was impossible not to see, at once, to which claimant the right of ownership belonged. The prisoner then called the dog by the name of "Lion," and the animal, as if to express his gratitude for the kindness with which he had been treated during his sojourn with his second master, crouched at the feet of the prisoner, licked his hand, and looked kindly in his face.

Mr. Minshull, observed that the joy which the dog manifested on seeing Mr. Jemmitt, was the best evidence that could be offered in support of that gentleman's claim; but, in order to set the matter at rest, he directed that Mr. Elsom, the prisoner's master, should be sent for to account for his possesssion of the dog.

Mr. Elsom soon after arrived at the office, and on being questioned, stated that he bought the dog about four months ago from a man who referred him to two ladies residing at Clapham. He unfortunately, however, had lost their address, and had no means of knowing how the man became possessed of the dog; but he bought him under the impression that it was a fair transaction.

Mr. Minshull said it was quite clear, not only from the circumstances stated, but the evidence afforded by the dog himself, that he belonged to Mr. Jemmett, and he directed that the animal should be restored to that gentleman, expressing his belief, however, that neither Mr. Elisom, nor his man, had any knowledge that the dog was stolen, and the former was told, that if he could find the man from whom he had bought the dog, a warrant was issued for his apprehension.

Pat Outwitted by Patrick.

Yesterday two specimens "of the finest *pisantry* upon earth," one named Pat Daly, and the other named Patrick Fagan, appeared at the Mayor's Court, Pat in the witnesses box, and Patrick in the dock, the latter charged by the former with having robbed him of eight sovereigns. From the evidence of Pat, it appeared that he and Patrick were "sworn friends" before the matter happened, and having come on Tuesday last to Liverpool together, they were anxious to bed and board in the same house, and, accordingly, on that day they went on the discovery of suitable lodgings. In the course of their perigrination, Patrick said to Pat, "sure, man, ye'd better be after hiding the eight sovereigns, as we don't know the company we may get into." "Faith, you're a broth of a boy for thinking of the main thing," replied Pat, "but I've no needle to sew them up in the back of my waistcoat." "But I have," rejoined the other, and kindly undertook the task, which, the complainant said, he *tolerated* him to do, and was much obliged for the favor. After performing the kind office for his friend, Patrick was suddenly missing, having wheeled round a corner. Pat was at first afraid that his countryman would be lost in the wilds of Liverpool, and, in consequence, was in a great perturbation for his fate, until at length, he fancied that the sovereigns in the back of his waistcoat felt light, and he was induced to overhaul the stitches, when to his consternation, he discovered that his faithless friend had "rung the changes," and deposited eight shillings, instead of eight sovereigns in the waistcoat; he accordingly ran to the police and informed them of the treachery, and Patrick was apprehended on Saturday, and accommodated with lodgings in Bridewell. The case was proved, and Patrick committed.

A Remarkable Meteor.

A recent letter from Brun, in Moravia, gives an extraordinary account of a meteor, said to have been visible in that town. Just after nightfall, a very vivid streak of light was suddenly visible, the effect of which was, to lead to the belief that many houses in the immediate vicinity were in flames. A continued noise was heard, and the heavens appeared to be completely on fire. A small round body of fire was observed at Posscowitz, Austerlitz, Raiz, and many other places. This gradually attained the size and appearance of the moon, but continued to increase, until it was the size of a house. It created great alarm, not only among the superstitious, but among the country people in general. The rays of light are said to have been as strong as those of the sun, so that it was impossible to look at the Meteor with the naked eye, and the noise accompanying it was at times, as loud as thunder. Although luminous rays were seen to dart from it, there was no fall of atmospheric stones, or aerolites, at the time, but Dr. Reichenbach found some a few days afterwards near Blansko.

Athenoem.

SAD EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

A dwelling house was lately burnt in Middleboro, belonging to P. H. Pierce, Esq. and occupied by Nath. Cole, 2d, who was burnt in the house. The house belonged formerly to Cole, but the love of rum had put it into the hands of the ramseller. Cole was at the time intoxicated.

His wife who had been out at work, washing, through the day, returned and found her husband in such ill temper, that she was obliged to flee to another place for rest. Cole was then alone in the house, and by some means set fire to it, and was burnt up.

The Duke of Wellington's Waterloo Charger.

The charger which the Duke of Wellington rode at Waterloo is kept in a small paddock adjoining a flower-garden at Strathfieldsave, from which the late Duchess used frequently to feed him with bread from her own hands. During the Battle the Duke was on this horse 15 hours without dismounting, and it has never been rid since that day. It is a small chesnut horse, slightly made, and as it was quite a colt at the time of the battle, it is wonderful how its strength was equal to the excessive fatigue it must have undergone. There is a proverb in some parts of England that a chesnut horse is always a good one, and that it will always do more work than any horse of the size of any colour, and this horse seems to furnish an illustration of its truth.

Gardener's Magazine.

Mr. Isaiah Gubtail, of Limerick, Me. was presented by his wife, last week, with *three* fine boys. They have been ycleped *Abraham, Isaac*, and *Jacob*. We heartily sympathize with Mr. *Gubtail*—(Phœbus, what a name!)—and recommend that his next *twelve* little pledges of love be named for the Apostles. After that, we'll loan him our Biographical Dictionary!

Merch. Int.

HOW TO CURTAIL.

While a clergyman of the Methodist order was praying at camp-meeting in a most fervent manner, for the power of the devil to be curtailed, a zealous old negro man loudly exclaimed—Amen! yes, bless God, cut he tail smack smooth off.

There are prating coxcombs in the world, who would rather talk than listen, although Shakspeare himself were the orator, and human nature the theme.

LACON.

UNPACKING A GENTLEMAN.—In the London papers there is an advertisement from the College of Surgeons, which states that, on a certain day, the mummy of the Rev. Mr. "Horseise," son of a gentleman who called himself "*Nas-pi-hi-mi-go-ri*," was to be "unrolled," for the gratification of the learned and the curious. The personal representatives of Horseise, who is described as an "incense bearing priest in the Temple of Ammon, at Thebes," have a good action against the London College, for this very bad, and to say the least of it, inhospitable treatment of "the learned Theban."

A PLEASANT INVITATION.—In the year 1702, a Lieutenant Campbell was convicted of forgery, and condemned to death. On the evening before his execution, he wrote a species of circular to all such of his friends as were at the time in his neighborhood, which ran thus:—"Lieutenant Campbell presents his compliments to ———, and requests the pleasure of his company to-morrow morning, to take a dish of chocolate, and to do him the honor to accompany him to Tyburn, to be present at his execution." Who shall pride himself on the paltry arrangement of "pistols and coffee for three" after this!

FROM THE N. Y. STANDARD.

Old saws and modern instances.—"It is good to be merry and wise," says the old song, "but" say all our elders, "you cannot be as wise as your forefathers." Why, prithee! Does knowledge come with old age? Does wisdom dwell amid white hairs! "Experience," say you, "experience comes with grisly locks." "True is one," says the Persian, and who shall deny it? But if you do gain experience by age, what profiteth it, if you take not advantage of your experience. You learn that a hearty supper is followed by a train of ugly dreams, and yet the night sees the votary of the supper table fearlessly plunging into his wonted excesses. Wine maketh the heart of man glad, but it maketh the head of man ache, and yet ere the punishment is forgotten, the offence is again committed. "It is a wise son that knows his father," but many a father would be wiser who would profit by the experience even of his son.—The accumulated wisdom of age is spoken of, but none are willing to believe that it can be possessed by those younger than themselves. The old man rebukes the young one for not profiting by the experience that he he has neglected to make use of, and the young man says, why do you not profit by your experience, if it is sufficient for you. Are you a physician, and can you not swallow your own prescription?

Experience was a most valuable article in the time of the crusades, and a pin would have been so too, but the times have changed, and you can get your penn'orth of experience in almost every book that is printed. It is offered for sale now in lots to suit purchasers, while in former times each man had to make his own. So much for experience. Now for wisdom. Does it grow out of expealence? No, for many have much of the latter and little of the former. Jack Falstaff had experience, and although he always had wit, we can scarcely say he always had his wits; he lacked wisdom, and why? He took no thought of the morrow, and was of opinion that the enjoyment of the hour was the test of wisdom. He was wise in his generation, but had he had another generation to provide for, his wisdom would have been but folly. What is wisdom? Is it more than foresight? Certainly, it is foresight added to a determination to use that foresight properly, and avoid all the evils that it points out. Falstaff was a merry man but not a merry philosopher. He had experience enough, but he did not love wisdom. He was a great man in waste and waist, in wine and wit, but he was wanting in wisdom. Trust not to experience, it will never make you wise; trust to your own mind and you will never be obliged to say "wisdom cryeth aloud in the streets but no man regardeth it." Moreover, mix merriment with wisdom; it is a duty of a wise man to be a glad one. Care not what aged counsellors say, their days of mirth are over—their experience has swallowed up their wisdom; the pith and marrow of their attributes are plucked out, and they only wish to liken you unto themselves. Temper your feelings with forethought, and you will be 'merry and wise.'

INGENIOUS REPLY.—"Why do you continue to retail spirituous liquor!" "If I did not sell, these drinking fellows would not come to *my* shop, and I should have no chance to give them "good advice."

THE ADVOCATE.

Thursday, March 27, 1834.

It is with great pleasure that we notice a new publication, which we think promises to be most interesting and valuable to Agriculturalists. We allude to the "CULTIVATOR," a paper devoted to Agriculture published at Albany, by the New York Agricultural Society. The reputation which the Committee of publication have obtained as scientific and practical Farmers, is a sufficient guarantee for the able and useful management of the paper. This committee consists of Jesse Buel, J. P. Beekman, and J. D. Wasson, Esquires. It is published monthly, each number containing sixteen pages. Its terms of subscription are to single subscribers 50 cents per annum. To a subscriber for five and less than ten copies 37½ cents. To a subscriber for ten and less than twenty 31 cents. To a subscriber for twenty or more copies 25 cents. Subscriptions to be addressed, post paid, to "J. BUEL" or to the "CULTIVATOR," No. 57 State Street, Albany.

A specimen number may be seen at our office where any one who feels interested in the object, can examine it.

The following gentlemen were chosen Borough officers for the ensuing year, at the election on Friday last.

Chief Burgess.—Samuel D. Miller.

Assistant Burgess.—Jacob Graybill.

Council.—Lewis Leader, Abraham Varley, Henry Sultzbach, David Rinehart, and Jacob Scheidley.

High Constable.—James Glenn.

Assistant Township Constable.—Nicholas Springer.

Early Rising.

The practice of early rising has been applauded and recommended through all ages. The healthiest, most useful and most learned men are almost universally early risers. The morning has been praised by poets, labourers, students, and physicians. The one tells of the resplendent sun-rise—the freshened air—the melody of nature—and the blooming milk-maid "with her noiseless step, and her mermaid song." The labourer loves it, because it is the pleasantest period for his pursuits. The student admires it because he is enabled to sit down to his books with invigorated strength and buoyancy. And the physician raises his voice in the chorus on account of its genial influence on the mental and physical powers of the body. To those who are fond of poetical description the following lines of Beattie will be acceptable.

Who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The following advice of John Wesley is so appropos to our subject that we cannot resist the temptation of inserting them. "To rise early," says he, "requires that you should *sleep* early; secure this point at all events, in spite of the dear and most agreeable companions—in spite of their most earnest solicitations—in spite of entreaties, railleries, or reproaches, rigorously keep your hour.—Above all things, be steady; keep your hour of rising without interruption; do not rise for two mornings and then lie in bed on the third, but what you have resolved once, observe constantly—but my head aches'—don't regard that, it will soon be over. 'But I am uncommonly drowsy; my eyes are quite heavy'—then immediately rouse yourself and start up at once—rise and dress yourself at the appointed hour. Perhaps you may say the advice is good but comes too late; I have made a breach already; I did for a season arise constantly at a fixed hour, but have given way little and little, and now have left off for a considerable time. Then in the name of God begin again! Begin to-morrow, or rather begin *to night* by going to bed early, in spite of either business or company. Begin with less self confidence than before; in a little time the difficulty will cease, but the benefit will last forever.

Emigration.

The total number of emigrant arrivals at the port of New York in four years, was as follows.

1828	19,023.
1829	16,164.
1830	30,224.
1831	31,739.
Total	97,150

Ninety seven thousand one hundred and fifty foreigners in four years, at one port! In former numbers of our paper we have alluded to the alarming increase of crime and the violent nature of some of our late public assemblages. As some solution of the remark, we have above given facts—add to these, that felons, highway robbers, and villains of every age and dye have been publicly shipped from Hamburgh to our shores—that it is becoming common in England and France to empty the poor houses of their inmates and send them to New York at the expense of their parishes. Have we not enough to startle every native born American and every *really* naturalized citizen? We would appeal to no vulgar prejudices, nor endeavour to excite enmity against honest and industrious emigrants. To controul the influx of foreigners beyond a certain point is repugnant to our Institutions. But the pauper tax—the Jail tax—the Hospital tax—is becoming tremendous. The morals of the community are putrefying under this incubus of foreign filth. Contending bodies of foreigners are already fighting on our canals and even our political meetings are rapidly assimilating in our large cities to the disgraceful scenes of the British assemblages. We candidly believe we are not exaggerating, we think that the people at large are not aware of these facts and we purpose presenting some more statistics in a future paper which will fully corroborate our views, and we now drop this topic, calling on all our readers to reflect on our immense sea coast, and then to imagine what our condition must be ere long if *one* port in four years receives the enormous number above stated.

Mr. Petriken's anti Bank resolutions came up in Senate on the 20th. Mr. Ringland (Speaker) and Mr. Petriken spoke in their favour. Mr. Baker moved the indefinite postponement of the whole question which was lost by an even vote. Mr. Packer and Mr. Baker each proposed substitutes, but were both voted down by votes of 13 to 19. Both of Mr. Petriken's resolutions were then adopted by a vote of 13 to 19.

In the House the improvement Bill passed the thir reading unanimously, and was sent to Senate. It provides for completing all works under contract, but no extensions.

The Education Bill wants only the signature of the Government to become a law.

Mr. Webster's plan, as our readers are aware, is to extend the time of the United States Bank Charter, six years. Mr. Calhoun is opposed to this plan, because he considers it as leaving the currency unfixed & referring solely to the Bank question. He thinks there is too great an excess of paper currency over the specie, and that this paper currency should be diminished. The U. S. Bank he said could be renewed for twelve years, prohibited from issuing notes under ten dollars for the first six years, and under twenty for the rest of the term: all dues to the treasury under ten dollars to be paid in coin &c. The details he left to be settled hereafter. Mr. Calhoun is also in favor of a reduction of interest on discounts by the Bank.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE MARIETTA ADVOCATE.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been trying to discover some consistency in "Franklins" reasoning, but have sought in vain; he says I have "again repeated many of my former assertions &c, which he has shown to be false," if he has shown any to be false, he would confer a favor by pointing them out, for I am really ignorant which they were; and by looking over what has been written, I find that all he showed to be false, was of his own making. But as "Franklin's" object in writing "is to lead his fellow cttizens to think," and not to follow me, appears so disinterested, I can or will not blame him if he only keeps one thing in view, which is a fair statement of facts. When he deviates from this course, I shall do as heretofore, hold him up to the public in his true colors, and should he again try to ridicule or burlesque any of my remarks, by forcing a wrong construction on them, I shall take the same liberty, if it should become necessary, therefore it requires nothing but plain reasoning on my part, and when it becomes indispensable to depart from that, the public may know that I use burlesque and ridicule to get clear of argument which I caunot otherwise confute.

In "Franklin's" last essay, he says the State Governments existed since 1776, how many were there at that time, or at the adoption of the Constitution in 1789. Thirteen he will say, but instead of thirteen, twenty four will now be found, from whence did these other States come; did not Congress first form or institute State Governments in them, and when the requisite number of inhabitants were in the extent prescribed to the several governments, were they not admitted agreeably to the 4th Art. 3d Sec. Constitution? Does this deny that well known fact, that the thirteen States formed the general government, or that any State is not sovereign or independent? with the exception of the power given to Congress. And as the States or the people have reserved the power of electing a Congress, as specified in Art. I Section 2 and 3 of the Constitution, who shall have power to carry the Constitution into effect. Therefore, when we elect men, we either instruct them what course to pursue, or confide in their own judgment to make what laws are essential, and that Congress has power to pass laws and grant a Bank if it thinks it necessary, I have already proven.

But as "Franklin" says he has blown that proof "sky-high," I will enquire for a moment, how he has done this, was it by the Constitution itself, or by bringing in arguments that have no bearing. That the Bank is not enumerated in the Constitution, I am well aware, but as soon as it got the charter or law, as an auxiliary of Government, it was as Constitutional as any other act Congress ever parsed, for in the 6th Art. second part we find the following: "this Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land," &c. Though there was no Bank during the late war, yet one was established immediately after it, when the currency was in a deplorable condition, which it restored to a sound state. Previous to the late war our exports were higher and our imports lower than at any time since; in 1807 our exports were $108,000,000 and our imports not much more than half that amount, thereby throwing millions of dollars into our country, to enable it to support the war. Compare this statement with our present condition, last year our imports were 109,000,000 and our exports 90,000,000, yet we are told by the gentleman who made the report of the Committee of Ways and Means, "that the ballance of trade is decidedly in our favor," and that agricultural productions bear a good price. Who believes it?

Jefferson's reasoning on the powers of Congress is all I want, for their would be no meaning in the Constitution, if Congress had not power to carry it into effect. As "Franklin" has named none of the corrupt men, he spoke of, but gives us some general remarks made by another, whereby he would involve all the men who voted for or signed Bank bills, in one general mass of corruption, which I cannot admit, without stronger evidence as to the Bank coercing or flattering 500 state Banks, he cannot name one, from which it has asked any thing more than was its due, and trying to blame it for collecting to pay what was due to Government, and frighten the timorous is out of time, for all know that the President made the first push. The memorial spoken of, was from this Borough and vicinity, which will be found by referring to the petition itself, and if McKean made a mistake, in giving the number of names, it was not necessary, unless his object was to help a gentleman from Philadelphia out of the scrape, thinking perhaps this might be an offset against Sutherland's, but "Franklin" says the number dwindles down to less than 100. Dare he make such a bare faced statement in the face of between three and four hundred witnesses, who signed the petition?

As the word *necessary* in the Constitution appears offensive, and all tyrants have used it, in the destruction of Republics, I am really sorry our venerable President has come so near using it, for he gives its exact meaning when speaking of the removal of the Deposites, he says it was an act of "imperious duty." And as Congress never yet has grasped the purse to distribute its contents among friends to support it in certain measures, we need apprehend but little danger from that source, but as the Executive has distributed the Deposites among Banks who are friendly to him, and his friends have called on all "republicans" to support him, and being apprehensive said support would fail, on the ground that it was not a republican principle to take from any one that which it gets by payment or contract. The "Globe" brings forward certain letters, the mention of which, created "horror" in "Franklin's" breast, and would in "L's" and every other Americans, if they were not acquainted with the publisher and Author of the same. That such letters would have a bad tendency is evident, inasmuch as it would make it *necessary* to get an army round the President, who might think it an "imperious duty" if Congress did not concur with him in opinion to surround the Capitol and coerce his measures.

L.

A Light Subject Luminously Treated.

A most luminous project has lately been started by a writer in one of the English newspapers, and if the British public is not determined to love darkness rather than light, the project will be patronized. He recommends the naturalization of *fire flies*; and is of opinion that a colony of that excellent insect might be imported from Piedmont with singular advantage to the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. He thinks that if twenty dozen or so could be induced to migrate into old England, they would in a very few years *enlighten* the whole Island, and add very much to the embellishment of an English summer evening. No doubt of it; and the English government is very much to blame if it neglects to act upon the suggestion. We don't know any thing about the fire flies in Piedmont, and would not for the world say any thing to discourage the British government from opening a free traffic at once with that enlightened portion of Christendom for a supply. But, without any selfish or sinister feelings on the subject, we give it as our impartial and unprejudiced opinion that it would be more judicious in the government to make a few importations of American lightning bugs. They are infinitely more *enlightened* than any Enropean insects extant. This, we take it, is a matter of course; for our lightning bugs being not only republican, but republican of the "'98" school, and for several years before, there is no doubt of their superiority over the aristocratical fire bugs of Piedmont; the uttermost of *whose* illumination is represented to us *lucus a non lucendo*. However, we care very little whether the British government ever read and profit by these suggestions of ours, or not. One thing is certain, our friends at the eastward will take the hint as soon as this paper gets into their hands. Such *reflections* as ours will not be lost upon the Yankees. Before three months shall have elapsed, there will be such cargoes as were never before entered at the Liverpool custom house. And what will add greatly to the profits of the first speculations, will be the entire exemption from duties; for we don't believe that John Bull, ingenious as he is in taxation, has fixed any duties upon lightning bugs; though he will be sure to exercise them heavily as soon as they become domesticated. Let the Yankees, therefore, bestir themselves and carry in their cargoes before his majesty's government add heavy duties.

It is a matter about which we would not take the responsibility of advising, but would it not be well, when the shipments are made, to add a few invoices of Jack o' Lanterns! We believe they have that interesting night walker in England, or something very much like him; but nothing like your true Jack of Narraganset and Puck-hungonuck. At all events, we shall expect to hear in a very short time that the English market is glutted with American lightning bugs, and that the good people of that country, in the enthusiasm of their gratitude, will make the year 1834 the foundation of a new era in their history, and call it *anno lucis*.

N. Y. Enquirer.

CURIOSITY.

"Curiosity has been much abused. From a habit we have contracted in this world of not calling things by their right names, it has been descried as a vice, whereas it ought to have been classed as a virtue. Had Adam first discovered the forbidden fruit, he would have tasted it, without like Eve, requiring the suggestions of the devil to urge him on to disobedience. But if by curiosity was occasioned the fall of man, it is the same passion by which he is spurred to rise again, and re-appear only inferior to the Deity. The curiosity of little minds may be impertinent; but the curiosity of great minds is the thirst for knowledge—the daring of our immortal powers—the enterprise of the soul, to raise itself again to its original high estate. It was curiosity which stimulated the great Newton to search into the laws of heaven, and enabled his master mind to translate the vast mysterious page of Nature, ever before our eyes since the creation of the world, but never, till he appeared, to be read by mortal man. It is this passion which must be nurtured in our childhood, for upon its healthy growth and vigor depends the future expansion of the mind."

FROM THE PLANTER'S INTELLIGENCER.

MOST HORRIBLE OCCURRENCE.

On Monday night the 3d inst. at Berger's hotel, at Natchitoches, a most unprecedented and tragical occurrence took place; "murder most foul," we might truly call it, but for the strong presumption that the perpetrator was in a state of mental alienation. His name is Worthington—a citizen, we are informed, of Arkansas, a man of genteel exterior, and possessing more than ordinary intelligence.

On the fatal night already alluded to, he, and another gentleman who came to the place with him, were lodged in the same bed, in a room containing three or four other beds, all occupied and some of them containing two persons. It was about three o'clock, when all was silent and dark as the chambers of death that Worthington rose from his pillow, armed with a large and formidable weapon, (sometimes called an "Arkansas knife," and commenced an indiscriminate attack upon his unconscious room-mates. A gentleman from Point Coupee, whose name we do not know, was stabbed to the heart, and closed his eyes forever, without a struggle! An elderly gentleman from Mobile received a dangerous wound. After wounding two others in the same room, one of them his bedfellow, Worthington rushed out, probably with the intention of making his escape; but mistaking the way, as it is supposed, he ascended another flight of stairs, which led to the garret, where two negro men were sleeping on the floor. He encountered them, in crossing the room, and dealt a blow to each, wounding both, and one of them severely. He then descended to the second story, sprang from the gallery and fled; but in consequence of an injury in one of his ancles, occasioned by his leaping from such a height, he had only proceeded about two miles when he was overtaken. At first he manifested a disposition to resist his pursuers, but upon their threatening to shoot him, he surrendered, and was taken to town and delivered to the civil authorities. We have not learned the result of the investigation.

Our informant states, that when apprehended, Worthington appeared to be in his right mind, and not only rational but plausible, in conversation. He insisted, however that there had been a combination against his life, and that his bedfellow had tried to strangle him with the sheets!

The only clue we have discovered, which may reveal the true cause of this lamentable tragedy is in the statement that Worthington is a man of intemperate habits. Those who are tampering in fancied security with spirituous liquors, may deduce an instructive moral from the case of this wretched man. No doubt he was once "a moderate drinker," and the *social glass* was the germ of his present misery and degradation, as well as the more than savage butchery he has committed!

It has often been said that the elements of fire and water are good servants, but bad masters. Not so with alcohol. It is not only a ruthless tyrant when it obtains the mastery, but it is from the very beginning an unprofitable and treacherous servant.

The Russian Journal, *Severnaga Pichela*, gives a collection of instances of extraordinary fecundity in the human, species of which the following are the most remarkable:—In 1734, Jacob Kirilo a Russian, was the father of 57 children by one wife, all of whom were living. The wife had 4 children at a birth 4 times, 3 children at a birth 7 times, and twins 10 times. He married a second wife, who had once 3 children at a birth, and 6 times was delivered of twins. Fenot Wassilewitz, of Selija, had a first wife who lay in 27 times, 4 times she had 4 children, 7 times 3, and 16 times twins. It is verified by official documents that, on the 27th February, 1782, this Wasselwitz. had 87 children, of whom 83 were living.

FROM THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN.

A contemporary, in noticing the account received by the late arrivals, of the death of the well known Lord Grenville, styles him "Lord *George* Grenville who acted such a conspicuous part during the administration of the younger Pitt." Mr. George Grenville was the father of *Lord* Grenville. He held many offices, and was a distinguished political leader in the times of the elder Pitt, and Lord Chatham, who married his daughter. George Grenville is better known in this country as the Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury, who projected the celebrated *Stamp Act*, the initial measure which precipitated the American Revolution. He went out of office in 1759, and died in 1770. His son, William Windham Grenville, was born in 1759, and created Lord Grenville in 1789, on vacating the office of Speaker of the House of Commons to become Secretary of State. On the death of Pitt, he became by a coalition with Fox, the head of the Ministry known by the Epithet of 'all the talents.'

The death of Lord Grenville, who is without children, is expected to disclose the great literary mystery of the last century, in the authorship of the Letters of Junius. The opinion has been entertained for many years, that Lord Grenville was the depository of the secret, which he must of course have derived from his father. He was himself a mere boy at the date of the letters. The first public letter, under that signature, was dated on the 21st Jan. 1773, precisely four years afterwards. Grenville was but ten years at the first era, and the author of Junius had written for some time before in Woodfall's paper, under various signatures, such as Atticus Lucius, Mnemon, Vindex, &c. Among the persons for whom the honors of Junius have been claimed, is the private secretary of the elder Grenville. Among the persons for authenticating the title, it will be remembered, are the copies 'bound in vellum' by the direction of the author, and transmitted to him by Woodfall, at the time of the first collection of the letters into a volume. —These are believed to be in the possession of the Grenville family.

The curiosity to know the true writer of these celebrated invectives has diminished very little. The mystery has served to keep the subject alive, as one of renewed speculation and conjecture, long after any immediate interest remained in the persons spoken of so scornfully and eloquently, or any reliance was placed upon them as historical memoranda. The force of the style, the intensity of their virulence, and their polished sarcasm, are preserved and quoted as the best specimens of the English language in expressing the strongest ideas of reproach and argument in the fewest and most appropriate words. Of the correctness of the style, a lower estimate prevails. The question will soon be resolved, what are the pretensions of Lee, Boyd, Roberts, Lloyd, Greatrakes, Rosenhagen, Wilkes, Flood, Hamilton, Dunning, Francis, Burke, Tooke, Butler, Temple, Chatham, Sackville, and the rest of the pretenders, for whom claims have been advanced, or whether as Byron contended, Junius was "really, truly, nobody at all."

Lord Grenville, who lately died at the age of 75, has held for many years—certainly more than *thirty*, and probably for near *fifty* years—the sinecure place of Auditor of the Exchequer! The salary is £4000 per annum, and the duty, nothing. He has not even signed his name once during the whole time, but has received between *half a million* and a *million of dollars* out of the Treasury. Besides this, he must have had a *retiring* pension as Speaker of the House of Commons, before he was created a Peer.

Adventure with an Alligator.

In the height of the dry season, when in the torrid regions all animated nature pants with consuming thirst, a party of wood cutters, English and Irish, went to hunt in the neighborhood of a lake, called Pies Pond, on Beef Island, ono of the smaller Islands of the Bay of Campeachy. To this pond the wild cattle repaired in herds to drink, and here the hunters lay in wait for them.

The chase had been prosecuted with great success for a week, when an Irishman of the party, going into the water during the day, stumbled upon an alligator, which seized him by the knee. His cries alarmed his companions, who, fearing that he had been seized by the Spaniards, to whom the island belonged, and who chose the dry season to hunt and repel their unwelcome neighbors, instead of affording assistance, fled from the huts which they had erected. The Irishman, seeing no appearance of help, with happy presence of mind, quietly waited till the aligator loosened its teeth to take a new and surer hold; and when it did so, snatched away his knee, interposing the but-end of his gun in its stead, which the animal seized so firmly that it was jerked out of the man's hand and carried off. He then crawled up a neighboring tree, again shouting after his comrades, who now found courage to return. His gun was found next day, dragged ten or twelve paces from the place where it had been seized by the alligator.

Lit. Gaz.

PRICES CURRENT.

	Marietta	*Balt.*	*Phil.*
FLOUR (wheat)	$4,00	4,25	4,50
RYE FLOUR	300	3,25	3,25
Corn	40	50	50
WHEAT	85	90	90
RYE	55	66	66
OATS	25	31	30
CLOVERSEED	4,00	4,25	4,25
WHISKEY	18	20	20
FLAXSEED	150	1,60	1,62
BUTTER	15	"	"
EGGS	8		"

PRICES OF LUMBER.

The following are the prices of the different kinds of Lumber for Sale in this borough, viz:

W. P. Panel Boards Pr. M.	$25,00
Do. do. First common " "	16,00
Do. do. Second com. " "	$11,50 to 12,00
Do. do. Cullings " "	$8,00 to 900
Plank one inch, same rate	" "
First common yellow pine	$20,00 to 24,00
Second common do do	15,00
Shingles from $5,00 to	10,00
Scantling white Pine from $10,00	to 12,00
Do. Hemlock	9,00
Cherry boards from $15,00 to	24,00
Locust posts finished, pr. 100 from	$35 to 45,00
Do do rough " "	from $18 to 25,00
Hogshead Staves pr. m. "	from $20 to 25,00
Barrel do " "	from $7, to 10,00
Chair Plank good	20,00
Sawed pine and Hemlock Rails pr. 100 from	$7 to 8,50

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Lancaster County, ss.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of said county, will be exposed to Public Sale, on Saturday, the 29th day of March, 1834, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, at the house of John Cassel innkeeper, in the Borough of Marietta, in said county, a certain

House, and half a LOT OF GROUND,

in the Borough of Marietta, situate on Front Street, being the Western half part of Lot No. 25, in the plan of said town, late the estate of Joseph Ralston, deceased.

Terms.—Cash, the purchase money to be paid on the first day of April, 1834.

By the Court,
BENJAMIN KREITER, *Clerk, O. C.*

Due attendance will be given, by
WILLIAM HAMILTON,
Administrator.

Marietta, March 6th, 1834.

POETRY.

FROM THE NEW YORK AMERICAN.

Stanzas Written at Sunset.

Look yonder!—Tis a gorgeous sight!
O'er all the West the sun is throwing
A brilliant stream of liquid light;
Whose broken waves still brightly glowing,
Roll upward, as it blazing brands,
Borne through the air by unseen hands,
To light the lamps, which burn on high,
When sunlight leaves the vaulted sky.

May it not be that orb of light,
Now sinking 'neath the horizon,
Is Nature's altar—pure and bright,
Angels are pouring incense on,
Which goeth up like earthly fires,
Amid the music of their lyres;
To form a halo around the brow
Of HIM to whom the seraphs bow.

Oh! I have thought that those of old,
Who vainly strove by art to change
The baser ores to virgin gold,
First caught the hope so wildly strange;
While gazing with enraptured eye,
At such an hour—on such a sky!
They might have thought alchemic power
Had wrought the glorious golden shower.

Imbued with crimson, fleecy clouds
Are through the steps of ether driven,
As if they were enfolding shrouds
Of blessed spirits borne to Heaven.
Oh! it may be they'r angels wings,
Beaming above the offerings:
Which rise from hearts like perfume thrown
Upon a burning altar-stone.

Who has felt at such an hour,
A wave of thoughts gush up and roll,
Like Passion, with resistless power,
Which seemed to break and flood the soul!
With such a feeling, men have bowed
And sung their pæans, long and loud!
Which echoed through the vaulted shrine,
Raised to yon orb, they deemed divine.

Old Battle Spanish Song.

Fling forth the proud banners of Leon again;
Let the high word—*Castile*—go resounding
thro' Spain!
And thou, free Asturias, encamp'd on the
height,
Pour down thy dark sons to the vintage of
fight.
Wake! wake! the old soil where our warriors
repose
Rings hollow and deep to the trampling of
foes.

The voices are mighty that swell from the
past,
With Argon's cry on the shrill mountain blast;
The ancient Eierras give strength to our
tread,
Their pines murmur song where bright blood
hath been shed
Fling forth the proud banner of Leon again;
And shout ye "Castile! to the rescue of Spain!"

Editorial Rhectoric.

Every profession, trade, or art has what may be called its peculiar phraseology—its technical cant—its own language, dialect or *patois*. So has the profession of types its *provincialisms*, beginning with Faust the founder, and ending with the poets of the Post—thus: "We stop the press to announce one of the most appalling acts of diabolical atrocity ever recorded upon the calendar of crimes." The murderer, after having accomplished his detestable purposes, left his bleeding victim weltering in her own gore." "When the mail left he had effected his escape, but the officers of justice were in hot pursuit, and the whole country was in arms." "The conflagration was raging in dreadful violence when our paper went to press, and no tongue can tell of the scene which to-morrow will present." "Second Edition. The town is a heap of ruins—the population in one awful night reduced to utter beggary. What gives a demoniac aspect to this scene of desolation, a severe and deep fall of snow which succeeded, has frozen to death those miserable, shelterless wretches, whom the flames of their own dwellings had not doomed to a still more terrible fate." "We understand from the passengers the spectacle was truly sublime—the heavens for miles around illuminated with the brightness of day." "We trust in God's providence that a brave and free people will not long endure these tyrannical and oppressive vexations." "Is it come to this, that such monstrous iniquity can be looked upon with feeling of indifference—rather of approval than repugnance!" "Rouse, fellow countrymen, from your lethargic slumbers! it is the sleep of death—sound the tocsin of alarm—awake, Duncan—awake!" "We trust our readers have too favorable an opinion of our discernment, and too high an estimate of our moral preceptions, to presume that we shall ever be so lost to feeling' or so forgetful of what belongs to the responsible position which we occupy at the head of an independent press—we are convinced indeed that we have too much *amor propre*, and we have too much at heart the good of this community, ever to permit the introduction into our columns of the polluted filth which precolates through the receptacles of obscenity and depravity." We are utterly astonished the attention of the police has not long before been directed "to an abuse which so loudly demands the vigilance of the magistracy and the surveillance of the law." "There are times when the very substratum of society seems to be undermined—we are sleeping unconsciously upon a mine of gun-powder. Can it be presumed the smothered volcanoes will not explode the whole superstructure to atoms—we are adding fuel to the flames—we are plunging headlong down the precipice." "The torch of discord kindled at the altars of public vengeance, shall in its consuming wrath reach the tyrants upon their thrones; but the oppressors and the oppressed will, alas! be both involved in the promiscuous and wide spread ruin which will overwhelm our unhappy country." "We are credibly informed that there is now exhibiting in the garden of the Hon Mr——, a pumpkin weighing at least 500 lbs." "A mud-gutter in our neighborhood is absolutely rendered impassable by the accumulations which the negligence of those to whom the superintendence of such matters has been entrusted," &c. "The mysterious abduction of the little orphan girl of ——, to which we some time since called the attention of our readers, still remains enveloped in profound obscurity." "Dreadful shipwreck and unparallelled of human lives! The pilot boat has just come up—not a soul could be seen on the wreck." "The wretched abandoned, lying catiff—devoured by his own venemous malignity and remorseless passions—the cut-throat who would assassinate our peace and prosperity—the vagabond, fiend and demon at whose black and dammable enormities the world shudders with horror—the viper—vampire—reptile—scape-gallows—black-leg—felon—murderer we had almost—said but enough." "A charming June day yesterday—so mild and serene—Broadway was crowded with beauty and fashion—brocades and pelisses." "Butter and lard have undergone a most extraordinary of tenpence in the pound." "We reiterate the assertion with the most positive assurance, founded upon," &c.

N. Y. Star.

BEAUTY.

As plodding over politics always a dull business, a change of scene is sometimes profitable as well as pleasant. The conceited boy says his speech—whenever he had learned something new, he went right off to the ladies, for they are the judges whether a man knows any thing or not. Why may we not present to them our lucubrations for their welfare and felicity, that they may consider of its merits and demerits.

We will not say that we have discovered a recipe by which all those who have youth on their side may become handsome; yet, they need not be surprised if such should be the consequence of following our advice.

While girls are young, and their features are forming, they should keep themselves invariably in a good humor. This will give them a pleasant countenance and make them really agreeable. Early rising is a great promoter of beauty. The morning air is highly salutary, and gives the face an expression of great cheerfulness and hilarity. Exposure to the severity of winter air and wind is very prejudicial, and should, by all means, be avoided. It breaks many a constitution, and often fastens on it immedicable disease. Comfortable clothing in cold weather, promotes health, prolongs life, and what will by the ladies probably be deemed equally important, is a great preservative of beauty. Indeed, without health, the face can have but a few fascinations. Let those who desire to improve their appearance, or to preserve it unimpaired, rise early, be good tempered and cheerful, take sufficient exercise to renovate the bloom in the cheek, or keep it from fading: and if they are not admired for their beauty, it will be for want of perseverance in our prescription—or, for want of taste in those with whom they associate. And in any such case, the best remedy for disappointment will be to read the news steadily, especially as it appears in the Knoxville Register.

Knox. Reg.

A leveller, perceiving two Crows flying side by side, exclaimed, "aye, that is just as it should be; I hate to see *see one crow over another.*

Office of the Susquehanna Bridge and Bank Company,

BALTIMORE, February 23d, 1833.

THE President and directors of this Company have adopted the following rates of interest to be allowed on Deposites of money at this Office, viz:—

On Deposites payable *Ninety* days after demand.	5 pr. cent per annum
On Deposites payable *Thirty* days after demand,	4 per ct. per annum
On current Deposites, subject to be checked for at the pleasure of the Deposites, ☞ to such persons as may request it.	3 per cent per annum
On weekly Deposites, which may be withdrawn on the first day of January or first day of July in each year, at which periods the Interest on said Deposites will be payable.	5 per cent

Certificates are issued for all *special* Deposites.

Collections are made on most of the principal towns, where Banks are located, in the several states.

Discount days *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.

On Saturdays the Office is open for business until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. By order,

W. E. COALE, CASHIER.

March 14, 1833.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The co-partnership in the Hatting business, heretofore conducted under the firm of "BARR and CASSEL," of Marietta, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Those having claims against the firm are requested to present their accounts for payment to A. N. Cassel, and all those indebted to the firm are required to make payment to said Cassel, who is authorized to receive all outstanding debts due the firm.

JOHN BARR.
A. N. CASSEL.

Marietta, January 4th, 1834.

A. N. CASSEL,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken, and will continue the Hatting establishment heretofore conducted under the firm of Barr and Cassel.

January 4, 1834.

FOR RENT.

Two water Lots in that part of the borough of Marietta, laid out by John Myers No. 11, 12, and those persons that have lumber on the said lots, are requested to call on the subscriber on or before the 15th day of March next, to make satisfaction for occupying said lots.

JACOB GRAYBILL,
Agent for J. A. Shultz.

Feb. 25th, 1834.

LUMBER Yard.

In the Eastern part of Marietta.

J. GROSH.

GRATEFUL for past favors, informs his old customers, and a generous public, that he still continues to keep on hand and at his old stand, LUMBER of every description, among which are.

White and Yellow Pine Boards,

and Plank, 30 and 24 inch Shingles, Joists, Rafters and Scantling from 10 to 40 feet long and from 3 by 4 to 7 by 8 inches thick.

Hewed Timber,

of several lengths and sizes. Ready made and rough Locust Post, Pine and Hemlock Rails, Hogshead and Barrel Staves.

Also STONE COAL, of the best quality by the ton. All of which he is determined to sell low for CASH, or approved short credits.

Marietta, July 18, 1833.

Lumber YARD.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has in addition to his former stock of lumber a large assortment of long timber, Joist, Scantling, and Rafters; Timber from 10 to 50 feet in length, Joist from 10 to 22 feet, scantling from 10 to 24 feet, Rafters from 10 to 27 feet, all of which he offers for sale at the current prices—between two and three hundred thousand Shingles at a reduced price.

JAMES MEHAFFEY.

Marietta, Jan. 31, 1833.

A. M. Beatty,

AUCTIONEER and VENDUE CRIER.

Respectfully informs the people generally, both in Town and Country, that he continues to attend to the above business and may be found by inquiring of *Samuel McKinney* in Front Street Marietta.

References as to capacity enquire of

WILLIAM CHILD,
SAMUEL HOPKINS.
JOHN H. GOODMAN,

October 12, 1833,

COFFEE HOUSE HOTEL.

No. 38, SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER thankful for the encouragement that he has received, from his friends and the public since he commenced the above establishment, respectfully informs them that he still continues at the same place, and hopes by his attention to the comforts of his Guests to merit a share of their patronage.

JOHN S. BAKER.

March 7, 1833.

New and Splendid Assortment of

FALL & WINTER GOODS

Just Received at the Store of Forster & Law

Consisting in part of

Cloths, Cassimeres,

fashionable SATINETTS, CASHMERE & TIBAT SHAWLS, and a great variety of Goods suitable for the present and approaching season, which are offered uncomonly low for CASH or COUNTRY PRODUCE, by the subscribers,

FORSTER & LAW.

Marietta October 24, 1833.

Notice

Is hereby given that MARKS SNYDER of the Borough of Marietta, on the 20th of January, A. D. 1834, executed a voluntary deed of assignment to the subscribers, for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to said Marks Snyder, are requested to pay the same without delay; and those having claims, to present the same to the subscribers duly authenticated.

JACOB GLATZ,
JOHN BARR.

January 30, 1834 Assignees of Marks Snyder

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE!

HOUSES, BARNS, GOODS, LUMBER YARDS, and other property insured, on application at the agency office of the Franklin Fire Insurance company of Philadelphia next door below the office of the Columbia Spy.

Columbia, May 11th, 1833.

GOODS

selling off at first cost for cash.

The subscribers having determined to close their business in this place as soon as possible, would call the attention of the public to their EXTENSIVE assortment of MERCHANDIZE which they are now offering for sale at first cost.

C. HERTZLER & WILSON.

Marietta Sept. 5th, 1833.

Notice.

ALL persons in any way indebted to the subscribers are hereby respectfully notified to come forward and discharge their respective accounts immediately, or abide with the consequences. ALSO persons having claims against the firm are requested to present them for settlement.

HERTZLER & WILSON.

Sept. 5. 1833.

ASHBEL GREEN, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

COLUMBIA, PA.

OFFICE at the corner of Locust and Second Streets, next to the Printing Office.

A. G. Jr. will attend at Marietta on every Thursday, for the transaction of business, and may be found at Libhart's Hotel.

Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

HARDWARE, Drugs, Paints, Oils and DYE STUFFS.

The subscriber still continues to keep, an has on hand a good supply of

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, DYE STUFFS, AND SHOP FURNITURE,

which he offers on the best terms to those who will favor him with their custom.—Also, a general supply of

PATENT MEDICINES, GROUND SPICES Mahogony Veneires, Swaim's Celebrated Panacea,

for the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Mercurial diseases, Rheumatism and all disorders arising from a bad state of the blood; this medicine has been recommended by the best Physicians of Philadelphia. All orders will be thankfully received and particular pains taken that no accidents or mistakes may occur. A liberal discount will be allowed to Physicians and wholesale dealers.

J. T. ANDERSON,

Marietta, Jan. 23, 1834.

Valuable Property

For Sale.

The Subscriber offers at Private Sale, that large and commodious

Brick Dwelling House,

AND LOT OF GROUND,

n the Borough of Marietta, now occupied by him as a Store and dwelling house. The property is situated on the South East corner of Market Square, very advantageous for doing public business, the Lot is under the best improvement, being supplied with a well of never failing water, a good cistern at the back door, good stabling, and all kinds of fall and summer fruit. Also, an adjoining

House and Lot of Ground,

in the Market Square.

Persons wishing to view the above described property, are requested to call on

JAMES STEEL.

Marietta, Feb. 6th, 1834.

LIBHART'S HOTEL

and Stage Office,

Corner of Gay & Front Streets, Marietta.

THE Subscriber returns his thanks to a generous public for the favors he has hitherto received, and respectfully announces to his customers and others, that he still continues to occupy that well known stand—the house has lately undergone considerable repairs, improvements and alterations, so as to render it more completely a home for the traveller.

The house is spacious and contains twenty four rooms, two of which are private Parlors, and fitted up in good style for the accommodation of private parties. The above establishment enjoys one of the most advantageous situations in the place, being located in the centre of business, and commands a fine prospect of the river and its scenery.

The subscriber intends devoting his unremitted personal exertions in conducting the above establishment, and hopes by this assiduity and attention to merit that patronage so liberally extended to him heretofore, and for which he hereby makes his most grateful acknowledgements.

B. LIBHART.

Feb. 7, 1833.

Eagle Hotel

For Rent.

The subscribers wishing to leave the Public House which they now occupy, in the borough of Marietta, known as the Eagle Hotel, (formerly kept by Coleman H. Taylor) the establishment is therefore offered for RENT, on moderate terms, for one or more years, it is in excellent order, they having completely repaired it, and now is favored by a large share of public patronage. The stand being in the Centre Square and in the business part of the town, which gives it many advantages over others. The subscriber will also dispose of their Bedding and other public furniture.

RIEB & LIBHART.

Marietta, February 20, 1834.

James Noble,

Auctioneer and Vendue Crier.

Offers his services to the people both in TOWN AND COUNTRY, and would be thankful for a share of public patronage.

References as to capability, enquire of

BENJAMIN LIBHART,
RIEB & LIBHART,
DAVID WALKER.

Marietta November 30, 1833.

For Rent.

That well known

TAVERN HOUSE

situate at the corner of Front and Bank streets in the borough of Marietta, near Baker's Lumber Yard. The house is

Two stories High,

with 3 large rooms on the first floor, with a kitchen annexed and 4 large rooms on the second; a never failing well of water, with a pump at the front door, good and roomy stabling and sheds, together with two LOTS OF GROUND, every thing in good repair. This property has for many years been occupied as a TAVERN, and is an excellent stand being at the Canal Bridge, which makes it very convenient for River and Canal trade.

It will be rented for one or more years, those desirous of occupying a profitable stand for business please make early application to the owner, residing on the premises.

LEWIS LEADER.

Marietta December 28, 1833.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the estate of the WILLIAM GREEN, deceased, of the bo of Marietta, are requested to make pay on or before the first day of April next; all persons having claims against the sa tate will please present them properly aut ticated for settlement, to

CATHARINE GREEN, *Executri*
Marietta, February 6th, 1834.

MARIETTA

English & Classical Academy

This Institution, under the supervision Theodore W. Simpson, A. M. will be ope for the admission of PUPILS, in the buil lately erected at the corner of Gay and W nut streets, on TUESDAY, December T The Male department will be under the im diate direction and government of the Pri pal. The Female department, will be c ducted by Miss C. SIMPSON, who has considerable experience in teaching. T various branches of a

Classical & English Education

will be taught. The following list compre a part of the regular course of instruction, v

Orthography, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, Use of the Globes, Mental and Moral Philosophy, higher branches of Mathematics, Greek and Latin Classics, French, Music, Drawing &c.

The pupils will be divided into classes, a ocrding to the attainments of each. Exercis in COMPOSITION and DECLAMATION, will be r quired of all of suitable age and acquirement

Terms of tuition will vary from three to s Dollars, according to the nature of the studie Drawing, French, Music, and Fancy wo extra.

Miss SUTHERLAND, who has had f years experience as an *Instructress* of Mus having taught at Baltimore and Bethlehe with much satisfaction to her employers, w give lessons on the Piano and Guitar.

Drawing and Fancy work, per quarter	$
Fancy work	
French	
Music on the Piano or Guitar	

Stationary furnished, if desired, at a moder ate rate.

The Principal will receive a few fema boarders into his family, at the low rate of $ per quarter, for board, tuition, &c. Board c be had in respectable familes from $1,75cts $2,00 per week.

Application for Admission, can be mad either to Mr. Simpson or any one of the follow ing Trustees,

James Mehaffey, Dr. Samuel Huston, Rev. O. Douglass, Christian Hertzler, James Wilson.

Marietta November 30, 1833.

GREENBANK'S

Periodical Library.

Containing, in the cheapest possible form a republication of new and standard works:—*Voyages, Travels, History, Biography, Select Memoirs, Popular Science, Personal Adventures, Tales of unexceptionable moral bearing and approved Poems.* It is published weekly in numbers of 48 octavo pages each, at $5 per annum in advance, and contains matter equal to 208 pages more than any other Periodical in America at the same price. The following works have been already republished in the "Library," viz:

VOLUME I.—1. The Life and Trials of Henry Pestalozzi, with copious extracts from his works, illustrative of his plan of education; by E. Biber, Ph. Dr. 2. History of Peter the Great, with a preliminary sketch of the History and Statistics of Russia; by General Count Philip de Segur. 3. Notes of a journey thro' France and Italy; by William Hazlitt. 4. The last Essays of Elia; by Charles Lamb. 5. The Wounded Spirit, a Tale of Life; by D. M. Moir. 6. The life of Carl Theodor Kœrner, the German Warrior Poet; by his father. 7. Martial and Miscellaneous Poems of Kœrner. 8. Kœrner's Prose Tales. 9. Tours in Upper India and the Himalaya Mountains, &c.; by Major Archer. 10. The Game of Life; by Leitch Ritchie. 11. The Young Poet, a Fragment of Autobiography; from Tales of Field and Flood; by J. Malcolm. 12. Helen Waters, from the same. 13. The Brothers, from the same. 14. The Rival; by the author of Recollections of the Peninsula. 15. Anecdotes of Painters.

VOLUME II.—1. Critical Sketches of the character and genius of Scott and Byron. 2. Journal of an officer employed in the expedition under the command of Captain Owen, on the Western Coast of Africa. 3. Notes of a Tour in Albania. 4. Biographical and critical sketches of Sir James Mackintosh and Lord Brougham. 5. Service afloat, comprising the Personal Narrative of a British Naval Officer. 6. Oceanides or Marine Lyrics; by Mrs. Fletcher, (late Miss Jewsbury.) 7. Sketch of the genius and character of Wordsworth with selections from his Lyrical Ballads. 8. Nine Months' residence in New Zealand. 9. The Life of Mahomet; from the Library of useful knowledge. 10. History of the Ottoman or Turkish Empire by Edward Upham, Esq. M. R. A. S. 11. The Tyroler, by the author of Recollections of the Peninsula. 12. Domestic Manners in the West Indies; by Mrs. Carmichael, five years a resident in the Islands. 13. The Life and Character of William Wilberforce. 14. Men and Things, viz: The Times we Live in, Odd Fellows, and Blessings of Biography.

The London Editions of the above works were originally published in more than *thirty volumes*, cost the publishers about EIGHTY DOLLARS, and have been offered to subscribers at the amazingly reduced price of Two Dollars and Fifty cents! exclusive of postage.

The *Periodical Library* will consist of Four Volumes in the course of the year; each volume to make upwards of six hundred and twenty pages.

The first number with which the subscription begins, was published on the 10th May, from which time complete sets can be furnished. Address, post paid,

T. K. GREENBANK, & Co.
No. 9, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

Pine Wood

For SALE at CHIQUES SAW MILL, price 50 cents per half Cord.

January 11, 1833.